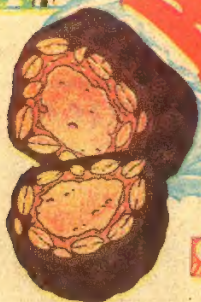


A Kangaroo mother and son
 Can go merrily jumping as one,
 They're off to the store
 For a treat they adore
Baby Ruth adds so much to the fun!



CURTISS



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

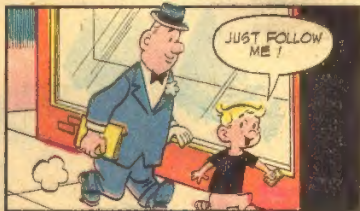
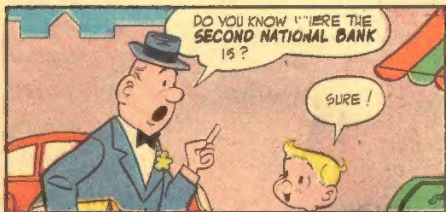
OTIS Schnering, Founder

mints & Butterfinger, Coconut Cream, Caramel Bouquet, Big Sandy, Date, Salt & Pepper, Fruit Slices and White



Does your school, youth organization, or group need money? For complete fund raising plan successfully employed elsewhere, write Curtiss Candy Company, 1101 W. Belmont Ave., Chicago 15, Illinois. (no obligation)





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mercury No. 1)

BO BMFSU NJOE JT BT
JNQPSUBOU BT B TPVOE
CPEZ. POF HPPE XEZ PG
DVMUJWBUIJQH ZPVS NJOE
JT UP SFBE HPPE CPPLT GPS
TVHMFTUJPOT, TFF ZPVS
MJCSBSJBO.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

DECEMBER 1955

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

SUPERMAN

USUALLY, EVERYTHING **SUPERMAN** DID WAS NEWS-- BUT SUDDENLY THE **MAN OF STEEL** FOUND HIMSELF IGNORED! WHY? DID THE PUBLIC CONSIDER HIM A HAS-BEEN? WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE UNWANTED **SUPERMAN**? READ...

THE **SUPERMAN** SPECTACULARS



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Printed in U.S.A.

ONE MORNING, AS **DAILY PLANET** REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE ARRIVE AT WORK...

HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN **SUPERMAN** AROUND TODAY?

NO, CHIEF-- WHY DO YOU ASK?



I WANT HIM FOR A VERY SPECIAL JOB!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF-- **SUPERMAN** ALWAYS MANAGES TO SHOW UP WHEN YOU NEED HIM!



ONCE ALONE, CLARK KENT PARTS INTO AN EMPTY OFFICE, WHERE HE SHEDS HIS OUTER GARB TO BECOME-- **SUPERMAN, THE MAN OF STEEL!**

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF SPECIAL JOB PERRY WHITE NEEDS ME FOR?



MOMENTS LATER...

HIZ I WAS JUST FLYING BY SO I THOUGHT I'D POP IN AND SAY HELLO!



SUPERMAN! YOU COULDN'T HAVE COME ALONG AT A BETTER TIME... I NEED YOUR HELP!

TODAY'S THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST **INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS** OF THE **DAILY PLANET**-- IN FRANCE, GREECE, ITALY, HOLLAND, AND JAPAN! TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT, WE'D LIKE TO RUN A FRONT-PAGE PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU IN THE MORNING EDITION OF EACH PAPER...



... A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU DOING SOME SUPER-STUNT THAT WOULD GLORIFY SOMETHING EACH COUNTRY IS FAMOUS FOR!

FIVE COUNTRIES-- FIVE STUNTS-- FIVE DAYS... YES, THAT'LL GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO RETURN TO SMALLVILLE FOR **MY** ANNIVERSARY!



YOU SEE, SMALLVILLE PLANS TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY COMING TO EARTH FROM KRYPTON, AND I'LL HAVE TO BE THERE FOR THE TESTIMONIAL DINNER, WHICH TAKES PLACE EXACTLY FIVE DAYS FROM NOW!



SO, SOON AFTER, A HUMAN METEOR FLASHES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A BIRD!

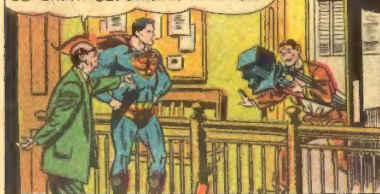
IT'S A PLANE!

IT'S SUPERMAN!



AND BEFORE LONG, IN THE OFFICES OF THE PARIS DAILY PLANET...

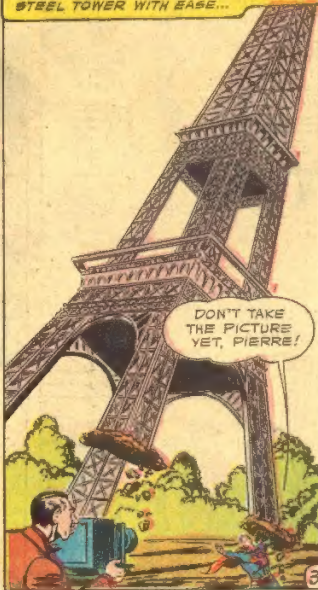
HURRY, PIERRE! IT IS NOT EVERY CAMERAMAN WHO IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO PHOTOGRAPH THE GREAT SUPERMAN IN ACTION!



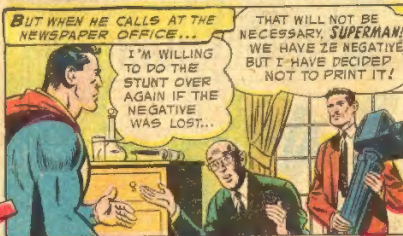
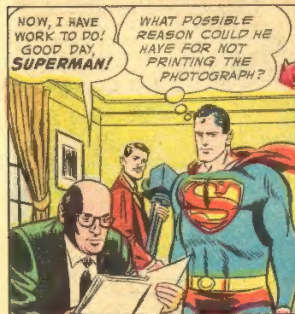
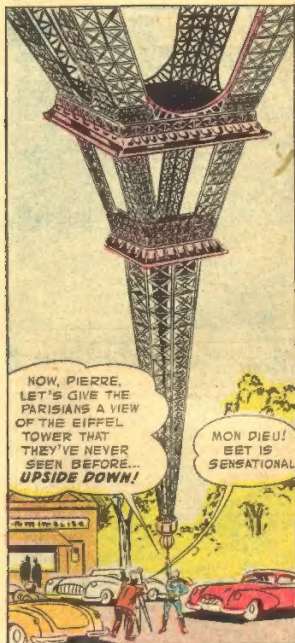
NOW, PIERRE, SINCE THE EIFFEL TOWER IS PARIS' MOST FAMOUS LANDMARK, I'LL USE IT FOR MY SUPER-STUNT!



LATER, FLEXING HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, SUPERMAN HOISTS THE 984-FOOT STEEL TOWER WITH EASE...



DON'T TAKE THE PICTURE YET, PIERRE!

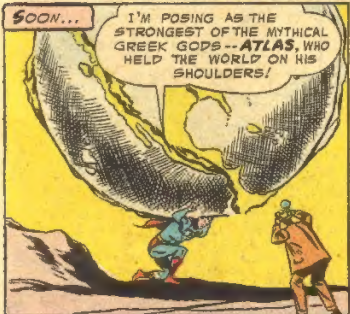




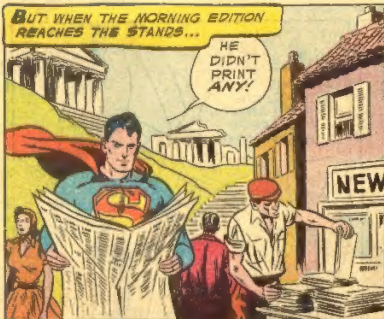
AFTERWARD, AS A PHOTOGRAPHER FROM THE GREEK EDITION OF THE **DAILY PLANET** TAGS AFTER **SUPERMAN**...



THEN, **ROCKETING** INTO TRACKLESS SPACE, **SUPERMAN** AMASSES A HORDE OF WANDERING **ASTEROIDS**...



BUT WHEN THE MORNING EDITION REACHES THE STANDS...

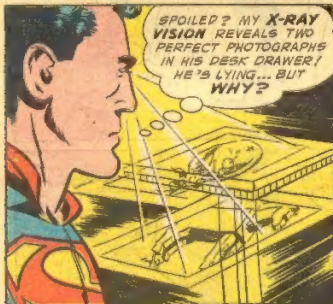


HE DIDN'T PRINT ANY!

LATER, UPON QUESTIONING THE ILL-AT-EASE EDITOR...



WE--WE HAD TO THROW THE NEGATIVES AWAY! THEY WERE SPOILED... ER... YES, SPOILED WHILE THEY WERE BEING DEVELOPED! ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, YOU KNOW!



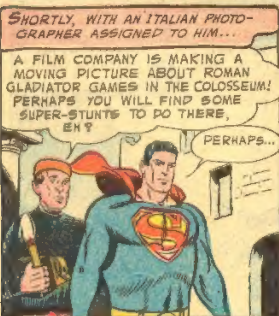
SPOILED? MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS TWO PERFECT PHOTOGRAPHS IN HIS DESK DRAWER! HE'S LYING... BUT WHY?

TAKING OFF FOR ITALY SUPERMAN CONTINUES TO PUZZLE OVER THE STRANGE MYSTERY...



TWO EDITORS HAVE REFUSED TO PRINT MY PHOTOGRAPHS! I HOPE I DON'T HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM WITH THE ITALIAN EDITOR!

SHORTLY, WITH AN ITALIAN PHOTOGRAPHER ASSIGNED TO HIM...



A FILM COMPANY IS MAKING A MOVING PICTURE ABOUT ROMAN GLADIATOR GAMES IN THE COLOSSEUM! PERHAPS YOU WILL FIND SOME SUPER-STUNTS TO DO THERE, EN?

PERHAPS...

BUT UPON ENTERING THE FAMED ARENA...



THE LIONS HAVE BROKEN OUT OF THEIR CAGE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



WITH HIS AMAZING X-RAY VISION, THE MAN OF STEEL EASILY LOCATES THE THIRD LION...

HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE THROUGH THAT PASSAGEWAY! I'VE GOT TO CUT HIM OFF QUICKLY!

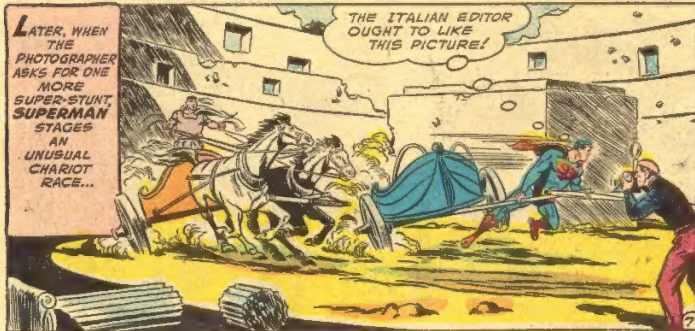


SNATCHING UP SOME PROP JAVELINS, SUPERMAN FLINGS THEM SO HARD THAT THEY BORE THROUGH THE STONE WALL!



DANGER'S OVER... HE'S CAGED, TOO!

LATER, WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER ASKS FOR ONE MORE SUPER-STUNT, SUPERMAN STAGES AN UNUSUAL CHARIOT RACE...



THE ITALIAN EDITOR OUGHT TO LIKE THIS PICTURE!

BUT NEXT MORNING, WHEN **SUPERMAN** GOES TO PICK UP A COPY OF THE PAPER IN THE EDITOR'S OFFICE...

I AM SORRY, **SUPERMAN**, BUT WE HAD NO ROOM FOR A PHOTOGRAPH! WE NEEDED THE SPACE FOR **IMPORTANT** NEWS STORIES!

HE'S LYING! THE NEWSPAPER IS RUNNING THE USUAL LOCAL ITEMS!



COULD IT BE--- THAT MAYBE MY SUPER-STUNTS AREN'T NEWS ANYMORE? MAYBE THEY'RE BEGINNING TO BORE PEOPLE?



AFTERWARD, WITH THE DUTCH PHOTOGRAPHER...

LATER, AS HE SPEEDS OVER HOLLAND...



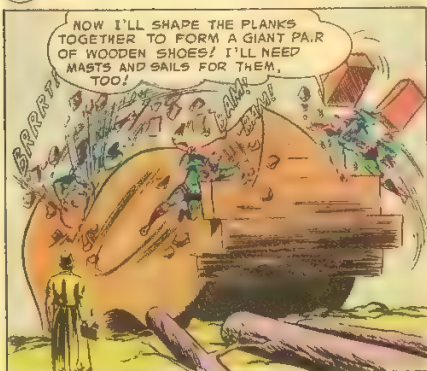
IT'S NOT THAT I'M CONCEITED, BUT I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK I'M A HAS-BEEN! SO HERE, I'M GOING TO PUT ON A SUPER-FEAT THAT WILL REALLY MAKE NEWS!

HOLLAND IS FAMOUS 'FOR HER SHIPS CAPTAINED BY MEN LIKE HENRIK HUDSON... ALSO WOODEN SHOES--AND WINDMILLS! MAYBE I CAN COMBINE THEM ALL INTO ONE SUPER-FEAT!



FIRST I'LL NEED SOME LUMBER... FOR PLANKS!

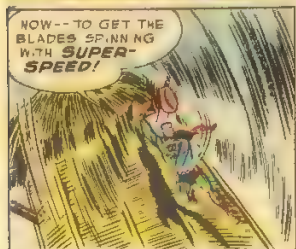




NOW I'LL SHAPE THE PLANKS TOGETHER TO FORM A GIANT PAIR OF WOODEN SHOES! I'LL NEED MASTS AND SAILS FOR THEM, TOO!



I'M NOT FINISHED YET... I'LL ALSO NEED THIS OLD WINDMILL THAT NOBODY WANTS!



NOW-- TO GET THE BLADES SPINNING WITH **SUPER-SPEED!**

WOODEN SHIPS-- WOODEN SLICES-- AND WINDMILL! EVERYTHING HOLLAND IS FAMOUS FOR, IN ONE SUPER-FEAT!

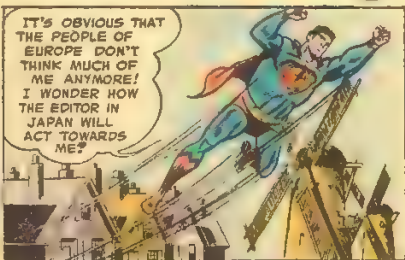
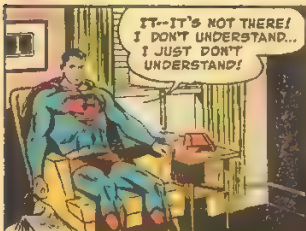


ACH! DER PHOTOGRAPH WILL BE SENSATIONAL!

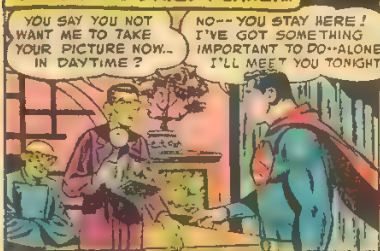
NEXT MORNING IT IS AN UNCERTAIN SUPERMAN WHO WAITS RESTLESSLY FOR THE HOLLAND EDITION...

WAS THE PHOTOGRAPH PRINTED? I... I'VE NEVER BEEN SO AFRAID BEFORE! I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO OPEN THE PAPER!





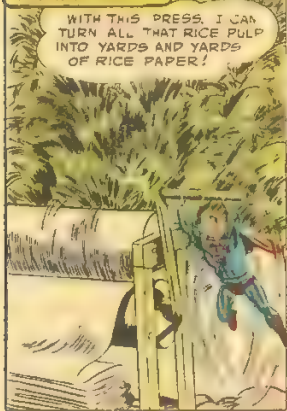
LATER, IN THE JAPANESE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE **DAILY PLANET**...



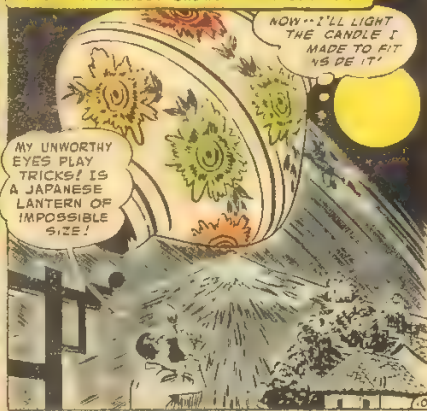
LATER, IN A NEARBY RICE FIELD...



AFTER SOME MORE PREPARATIONS...



AND THAT NIGHT, THE JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHER VIEWS AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT...





ACTION COMICS



NIGHT TURNS INTO DAY, AS THE SATELLITE-SIZE PAPER LANTERN ILLUMINATES THE ENTIRE ISLAND OF JAPAN!

THERE! NOW LET THE JAPANESE EDITOR TRY TO IGNORE THIS!

AIEEE! IS HONORABLE **SUPERMAN!** HE HAS BANISHED NIGHT!

BUT WHEN THE MORNING EDITION COMES OUT...

NO PICTURE--NOTHING! NOT EVEN A MENTION! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF ALL THIS! IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF PLOT AGAINST ME!

NEXT DAY, IN HIS HOME TOWN OF SMALLVILLE, **SUPERMAN** RELAXES GRATEFULLY AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE COME TO HONOR HIM...

WE ADOPTED THIS ORPHAN OF SPACE AND HE REPAID US BY FIGHTING EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

I'M GOING BACK-- TO AMERICA! AT LEAST I'M STILL WANTED THERE! IT WILL BE GOOD TO BE HOME-- AMONG FRIENDS!

FRIENDS, MANY YEARS AGO, A CHILD CAME FROM ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM AND LANDED AMONG US!

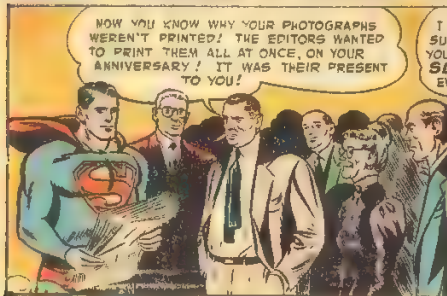
NOW, WE ARE CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ARRIVAL, AND IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE MAN WHO WILL GIVE **SUPERMAN** HIS ANNIVERSARY PRESENT.



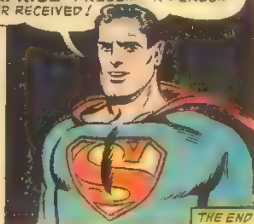
ACTION COMICS



As **SUPERMAN** LOOKS AT THE FRONT PAGE OF THE PARIS EDITION, HE IS THUNDERSTRUCK--AND NO WONDER!



I THOUGHT I HAD DONE SOME REALLY SUPER-STUNTS, BUT YOU OUTDID ME! YOU GAVE ME THE MOST **SUPER-SURPRISE** PRESENT A PERSON EVER RECEIVED!





YOO HOO IT'S ME
MY NAME IS PINKY LEE*

Tootsie Rolls

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY



TASTY,
CHOCOLATY,
LONG-LASTING
5c

Double treat
Tootsie Roll Pop
new flavored
inside delicious
Tootsie Roll can
ner Only 2c



Tootsie Roll Fudge
—Creamy, Smooth,
Melts in Your
Mouth. Just 5c

Tootsie Roll Caramel
—Milky, Chewy—
makes you want to
eat more. Only 5c

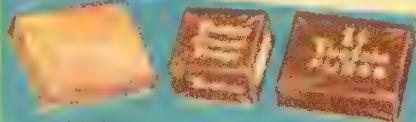


EVERYONE
RUNS FOR

Tootsie Roll
CANDIES

GET SOME TODAY

*Tune in your local NBC-TV
station, Monday thru Saturday

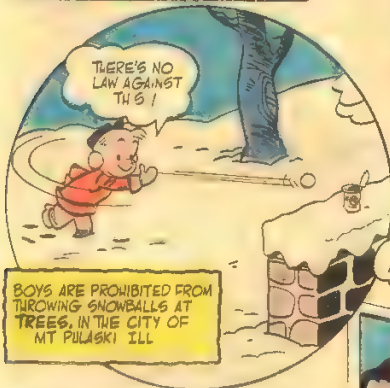


Also these
delicious TOOTSIE ROLL Candies only 1c each



STRANGE LAWS

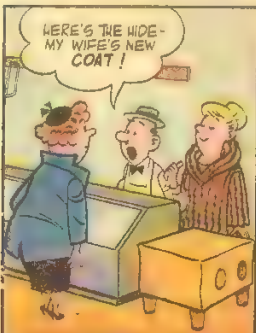
YEARS AGO, MANY LAWS WERE PASSED FOR DEFINITE REASONS. BUT AS TIME WENT ON, THEY WERE NOT REPEALED. DESPITE THE FACT THAT HABITS CHANGED HERE ARE SOME OF THE STRANGE LAWS, WHICH STILL EXIST TODAY.



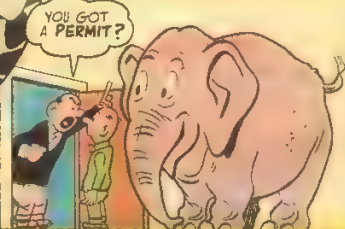
BOYS ARE PROHIBITED FROM THROWING SNOWBALLS AT TREES, IN THE CITY OF MT PULASKI ILL



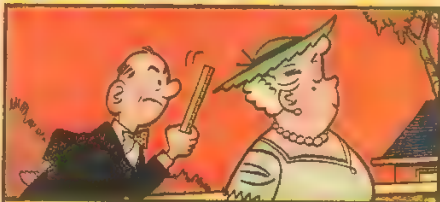
COLUMBIA, S CAROLINA JUST ELIMINATED A REQUIREMENT THAT OFFICE HOLDERS TAKE AN OATH THEY WILL NOT, DURING TERM OF OFFICE, ENGAGE IN A DUEL.



IN NORTH DAKOTA, ANY PERSON SELLING BEEF MUST SHOW THE PURCHASER THE HIDE OF THE ANIMAL



IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CAL, IT IS UNLAWFUL FOR ANY PERSON TO KEEP ANY ELEPHANT, BEAR, HIPPOPOTAMUS, RHINOCEROS, LION, TIGER, LEOPARD, OR WOLF, WITHOUT A PERMIT.



THE STATE OF LOUISIANA SAYS NO WOMAN MAY WEAR HATPINS, WHICH PROTRUDE MORE THAN 1/2 INCH



UNDERSEA GHOST CITY

**Looking for Pirates' Treasure 10 Fathoms' Deep, Anything Can
Happen to a Diver—and in This Case, It Did**

ABOUT 300 years ago, Port Royal, in Kingston, Jamaica, was noted throughout the world as the most fabulous city that ever existed. Here, pirates and buccaneers brought their booty, depositing their riches in the city's counting houses.

Then, about 260 years ago, disaster struck the wicked city. A hurricane was followed by an earthquake. And the earthquake brought on a tidal wave that washed the city into the Caribbean.

That much is history. The facts have long been known, and the only surprise is that adventurous spirits haven't ever tried to fish up out of the Caribbean the vast wealth that must still lie buried in its ruins.

I'd heard about it myself, even before Jeff Coates showed up one day with plenty of money and a proposition. I'd known Jeff before I entered the war. Jeff knew I'd been a skin-diver in the service, and told me I'd be a valuable asset in his venture.

"I need someone I can trust, Hal," he told me. "There must be millions of pieces-of-eight . . . real pirate treasures . . . down there. I'll give you 25 per

cent of everything we bring up if you'll join the expedition!"

What could I lose?

Jeff was thorough. He had rented a fine boat, and signed on some good experienced hands.

Finding the location was the easiest part. Plenty of records existed to enable us to pinpoint the exact area. All I had to do was go down and put my hands on the pirates' treasure!

I checked the equipment Jeff had purchased. The helmets were the best that money could buy. I questioned the men Jeff had signed on to man the pump and tend the lines. They convinced me that they knew their business.

"They'd better," I told myself. "My life depends on it!"

We lost a few days waiting for a storm to blow over. I wanted perfect weather conditions for this particular dive.

Then, a little after dawn of the third day, I gave the signal. I gave the crew their instructions. If the charts were accurate, the city lay at the bottom of about 10 fathoms of water.

I pulled on my rubber suit, snapped on my shark-knife, adjusted my leg flaps, and stood still while one of the crew slipped the diving helmet over my head. Jeff held the helmet window open for a moment, fervently whispered "Good luck, pal," snapped the window shut, and the helmet was finally locked to the breast plate.

A minute later I felt a rap on the helmet—a signal that everything was in order. The rest was now up to me.

I went over the side, feeling the coldness of the water right through my rubberized suit.

Once on the bottom, I began my search for the ghost city of Port Royal. I had hardly begun when I saw a dark shadow flit by overhead. I stood still, careful not to disturb the sandy bottom and thus obstruct my view.

Next moment, I caught sight of the shadowy form again. And this time I instantly went for the knife at my side. What I had spotted was a shark.

I watched it for about 20 seconds, as it circled just overhead. Then, it abruptly turned tail and swam off. I returned to the search.

The sea floor sloped upward sharply in the direction I was moving, and it was slow going. So far I had sighted nothing even suggesting a city. Of course, I realized that some of the buildings must have been destroyed by the quake. But most historic descriptions of the catastrophe graphically told how the majority of the structures had gone down into the Caribbean in one piece.

I was on the point of giving it up for the morning, intending to strike out in another direction in the afternoon

when I suddenly saw the vague outlines of what looked like structures dead ahead.

I hastened my steps as best I could, and the farther I went the more I was convinced that I was actually seeing the edifices of Port Royal.

I had!

But when I approached within yards of the city, my heart stood still.

Enough of the sunlight from above the surface filtered down to reveal at a glance what had happened: coral had adhered to the undersea edifices, and had built itself over every inch of their surface.

The city of Port Royal now lay buried under layers and layers of the cement-like surfaces of the prize I had sought at the bottom of the sea.

So close—yet so far away! I wondered how to break the bad news to Jeff. Better come right out and let him have it straight from the shoulder, I decided. "Yes, Jeff—Port Royal's down there all right, but it'll take a thousand times more money than you've got to dig it out of the coral. And at that price, it might not be worth it!"

I started back. Frustrated, I kicked at an object sticking out of the ankle-high sand. A lid flew open, and I blinked at the dazzling sight of an opened chest filled with Spanish gold!

Sure, Jeff was disappointed about Port Royal. But the gold made the venture a success. Just the same, apart from the treasures inside that sunken city, I'd've given a lot to be able to walk in the streets of that ancient pirates' city!

—Hal Miller



CONGO BILL

with
JANU
The
Jungle Boy

AT LAST I'VE GOT
THE MAN WHO'S
BEEN BREAKING
INTO THE BANK!

IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE ARISES A **BANK** IN WHICH NATIVES AND TRADERS STORE THEIR VALUABLES! EVEN **CONGO BILL** HAS A DEPOSIT TO MAKE--UNTIL A SERIES OF BREAK-INS OCCURS! BUT, TO THE JUNGLE ADVENTURER'S ASTONISHMENT, THE BANK ROBBER DOES NOT **STEAL** DEPOSITS... HE ONLY PUTS THEM **IN**! AND CONGO BILL EMBARKS ON HIS MOST PUZZLING CASE AS HE TRIES TO SOLVE...

"The Great JUNGLE BANK Mystery!"

BUT WHAT YOU GOING TO
CHARGE HIM WITH, **CONGO BILL**? AFTER ALL, HE ONLY
BREAK IN TO **DEPOSIT**
STUFF!

JUNGLE DRUMS BEAT--NATIVES PERFORM A
COLORFUL DANCE, AS...

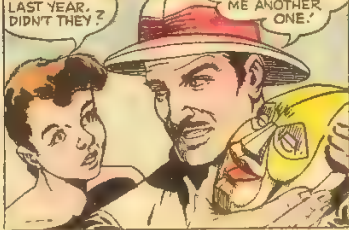
TAKE THIS--FOR ALL YOU HAVE
DONE FOR OUR VILLAGE
CONGO BILL!

THANKS A
LOT, CHIEF!

AFTERWARD, WHEN THE CEREMONY HAS ENDED..

BUT, **CONGO BILL**--
THEY GAVE YOU
CARVING LIKE
THIS ONE
LAST YEAR.
DIDN'T THEY?

YES, JANU! THEY FOUND
OUT THAT THE FIRST ONE
THEY GAVE ME WAS STOLEN--
SO THEY CARVED
ME ANOTHER
ONE!



LATER, AS THE JUNGLE DUO LEAVES THE VILLAGE...

BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO STEAL CARVING? IT NOT SO VALUABLE!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, JANU! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I PRESS THE NOSE!

SEE?... THE EYES SWIVEL AROUND IN THEIR SOCKETS, REVEALING TWO PRECIOUS GEMS! THIS IS THE ONLY CARVING OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD--EXCEPT THE ONE THAT WAS STOLEN, OF COURSE!

WELL--I SURE HOPE THIS CARVING NEVER STOLEN!

I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE IT ISN'T! COME ON, JANU--I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



AND SOON, THE DUO COMES ACROSS ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS EVER ENCOUNTERED IN THE JUNGLE.

JUMPING GIRAFFES! WH-WHAT THAT?

IT'S THE FIRST JUNGLE BANK -- WHERE NATIVES AND TRADERS CAN DEPOSIT THEIR VALUABLES!



INSIDE, AS THEY EXAMINE THE CURIOUS ESTABLISHMENT MORE CLOSELY...

THIS IS MR. JONES, THE BANK MANAGER, JANU! AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE ARE VAULTS FOR PRECIOUS BIRD FEATHERS, VALUABLE IVORY TUSKS, AND PRICELESS SALT!

AND DON'T FORGET THE REFRIGERATOR FOR FRESH PERISHABLE ITEMS AS BUTTER AND OSTRICH EGGS!



JUST THEN... WELL, WELL--IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND, ELMO WHITE! AS THE RICHEST TRADER IN THESE PARTS, I GUESS YOU USE THIS BANK A GREAT DEAL!

HELLO CONGO BILL! YES--THIS BANK SURE COMES IN HANDY!

HOW'S YOUR BROTHER JONAS? IS HE STILL IN AFRICA?

M-MY POOR BROTHER DIED ONLY LAST WEEK CONGO BILL!

THAT A PTY!

MANY HOURS LATER, AFTER DEPOSITING HIS CARVING IN THE BANK, CONGO BILL CAMPS NEARBY FOR THE NIGHT--BUT SUDDENLY...

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

WAKE UP, JANU! THAT'S THE BANK'S BURGLAR ALARM!

CREEPING CATERPILLARS! I HOPE BANK ROBBERS NOT STEAL YOUR SECOND CARVING!

LOOK, CONGO BILL... A SHADY FIGURE! MUST BE THE BANK ROBBER!

I SEE HIM.

WITH EYES ESPECIALLY TRAINED TO PIERCE THE JUNGLE DARKNESS, THE ACE ADVENTURER SPRINGS WITH CAT-LIKE AGILITY AT THE FAST-MOVING FIGURE...

GOT HIM!

BUT, TO CONGO BILL'S ASTONISHMENT...

YOU NOT GOT ROBBER... YOU GOT LION BY THE TAIL!

ARRGH!

YOU'RE TELLING ME? KEEP YOUR RIFLE READY, IN CASE HE DECIDES TO PLAY ROUGH WHEN I LET GO!

WHEN BILL RELEASES THE ANIMAL, HOWEVER...

I GUESS HE NOT WANT ANY PART OF YOU, CONGO BILL!

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE BANK AND SEE WHAT WAS STOLEN!

BUT WHEN THE DUO ARRIVES AT THE BANK...

HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WAS STOLEN, MR. JONES?

THAT'S THE AMAZING PART, CONGO BILL. THE BANK ROBBER ENTERED THE BANK AFTER CUTTING THIS HOLE, BUT--BUT...

NOTHING WAS TAKEN OUT. INSTEAD HE PUT SOMETHING IN--SIX BAGS OF SALT.

YOU MEAN--HE BROKE INTO THE BANK TO DEPOSIT SOMETHING? THAT'S CRAZY.

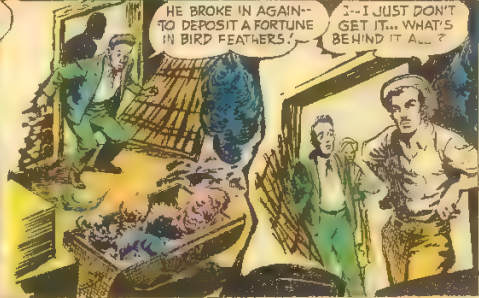
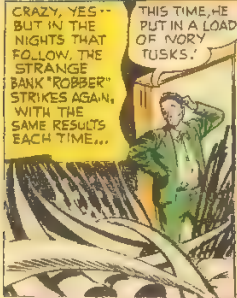


CRAZY, YES--BUT IN THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW, THE STRANGE BANK "ROBBER" STRIKES AGAIN, WITH THE SAME RESULTS EACH TIME...

THIS TIME, HE PUT IN A LOAD OF IVORY TUSKS.

HE BROKE IN AGAIN--TO DEPOSIT A FORTUNE IN BIRD FEATHERS!

I--I JUST DON'T GET IT... WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL?



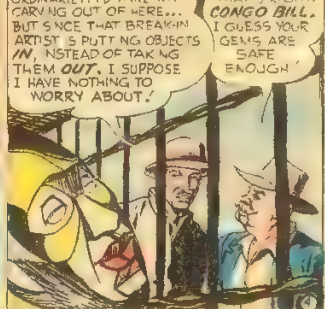
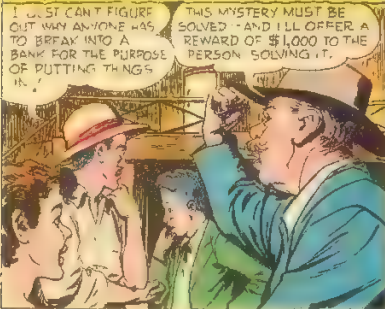
THEN, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE LAST BREAK-IN...

I JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY ANYONE WOULD BREAK INTO A BANK FOR THE PURPOSE OF PUTTING THINGS IN!

THIS MYSTERY MUST BE SOLVED--AND I'LL OFFER A REWARD OF \$1,000 TO THE PERSON SOLVING IT.

ORDINARILY, I'D TAKE MY CARVING OUT OF HERE... BUT SINCE THAT BREAK-IN ARTIST IS PUTTING OBJECTS IN, INSTEAD OF TAKING THEM OUT, I SUPPOSE I HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

THAT'S RIGHT, CONGO BILL. I GUESS YOUR GEMS ARE SAFE ENOUGH.





ACTION COMICS



THAT SAME NIGHT, AS THE JUNGLE PAIR PREPARES TO TURN IN...

CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!

OH-OH...THERE GO THAT CRAZY, MIXED-UP BURGLAR AGAIN.

YES...BUT THIS TIME 'VE A SNEAKING SUSPICION EXACTLY WHAT WILL BE RETURNED! LET'S GO.



AT THE BANK, SHORTLY AFTER...

LOOK, CONGO BILL...A DUPLICATE OF YOUR CARVING WAS PLACED IN BANK THIS TIME.

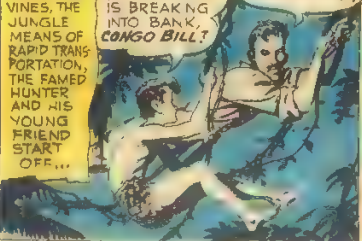
YES, JANU--IT'S THE ONE THAT WAS STOLEN FROM ME LAST YEAR. I EXPECTED IT...AND I BELIEVE I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY NOW! FOLLOW ME...



USING LONG-HANGING VINES, THE JUNGLE MEANS OF RAPID TRANSPORTATION, THE FAMED HUNTER AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND START OFF...

YOU'RE SURE YOU KNOW WHO IS BREAKING INTO BANK, CONGO BILL?

YES, JANU...I'M PRETTY SURE!



THAT GREAT...IT MEAN YOU COLLECT ELMO WHITE'S \$1,000 REWARD!

I GUESS SO...AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW, JANU--TO SEE ELMO WHITE.



PRESENTLY...

WHY- CONGO BILL...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I CAME HERE TO CLAIM THE REWARD FOR CAPTURING THE MAN WHO'S BEEN BREAKING INTO THE BANK, ELMO!



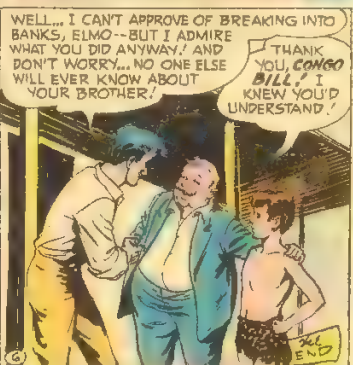
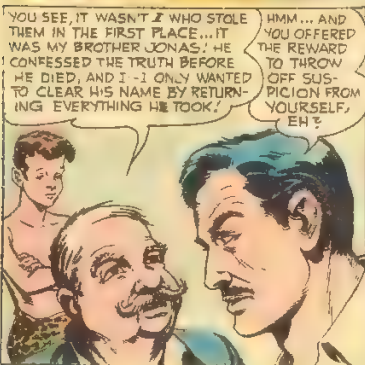
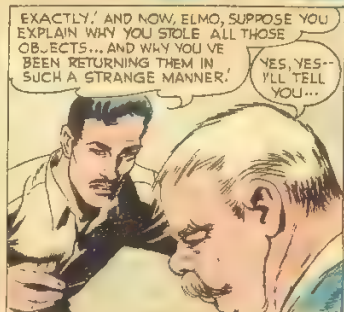
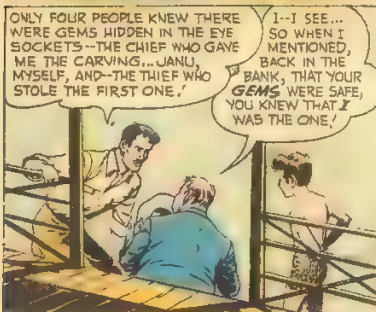
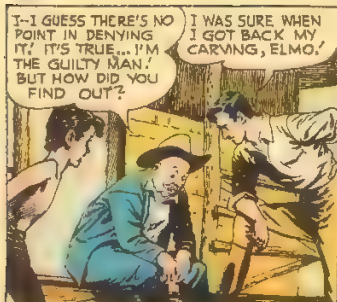
YOU MEAN, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS?

YES, I KNOW.



IT'S YOU, ELMO.

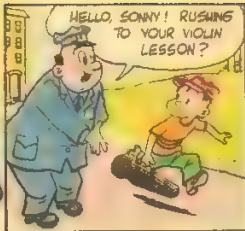




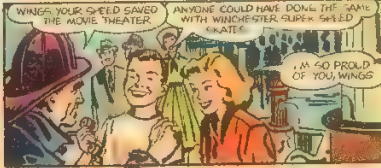
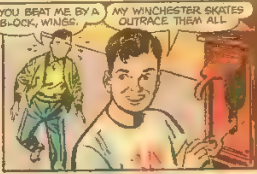
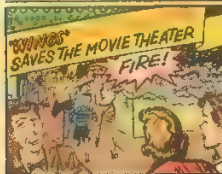
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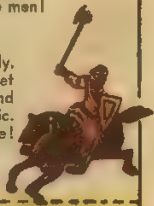
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Tommy TOMORROW



WHO OR WHAT IS BANDIT "X"? THAT IS THE QUESTION WHEN COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS PURSUES AN UNKNOWN "ANIMAL" CRIMINAL IN THE FUTURE WHERE MANY NON-EARTH BEINGS EXIST IN NON-HUMAN FORMS! THE FAMOUS RIDDLE OF "THE LADY OR THE TIGER" IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT THE AGE OF PLANETEERS MUST SOLVE IN...

THE SECRET OF BANDIT "X"

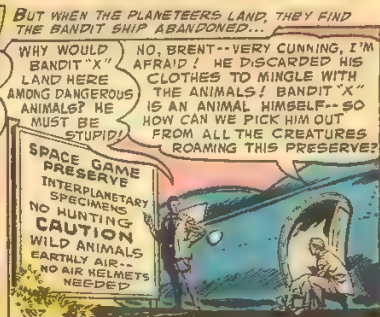
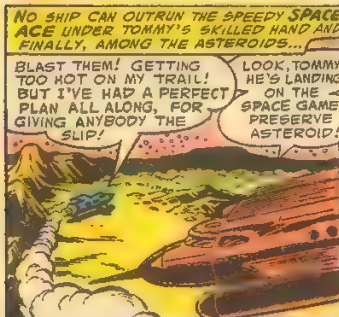
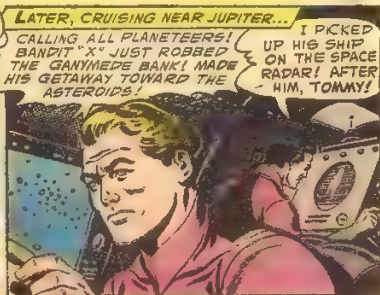
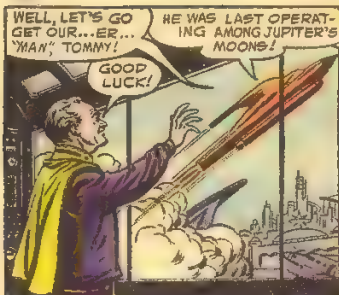
AT PLANETEER HEADQUARTERS, IN THE YEAR 2055, THE ROGUES GALLERY OF SPACE DISPLAYS INTERPLANETARY CRIMINALS FROM EVERY PART OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM...

TO COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS AIDE, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, FALLS THE TASK OF BRINGING IN THE STRANGEST OUTLAW OF THEM ALL!



GET BANDIT "X", TOMMY! UNFORTUNATELY, HE ALWAYS WEARS A SUIT COMPLETELY CONCEALING HIS WHOLE FORM! WE ONLY KNOW HE IS NOT FROM EARTH! WHEN YOU FIND HIM, HE MAY TURN OUT TO BE DISGUISED AS SOME WEIRD VARIETY OF SPACE ANIMAL BUT WITH A HUMAN BRAIN!

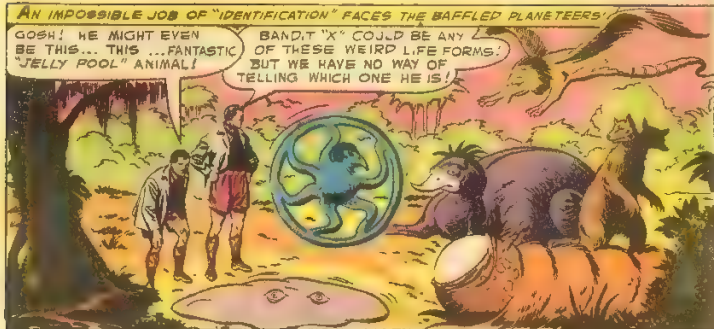




AN IMPOSSIBLE JOB OF "IDENTIFICATION" FACES THE BAFFLED PLANETEERS!

GOSH! HE MIGHT EVEN BE THIS... FANTASTIC "JELLY POOL" ANIMAL!

BANDIT "X" COULD BE ANY OF THESE WEIRD LIFE FORMS! BUT WE HAVE NO WAY OF TELLING WHICH ONE HE IS!



READER--CAN YOU GUESS WHO IS THE CUNNING BANDIT "X" CLEVERLY MINGLED AMONG THESE INTERPLANETARY CREATURES???



HA, HA! THEY ALMOST BUMPED INTO ME BEFORE-- WITHOUT KNOWING IT! I'M AS "WEIRD" TO THEIR HUMAN EYES AS ANY OF THESE CREATURES! THEY'LL NEVER PICK ME OUT! HA, HA, HA!

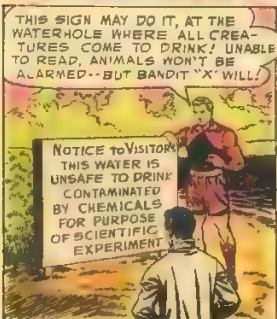
BUT BACK IN THEIR SHIP TOMMY HAS A PLAN

LISTEN, BRENT! THE ONE BIG WAY IN WHICH HE'S DIFFERENT FROM ANIMALS IS N HAVING INTELLIGENCE! ONLY THAT CAN BETRAY HIM!

BUT HOW CAN WE FORCE HIM TO REVEAL HIS HUMAN-LIKE BRAN?

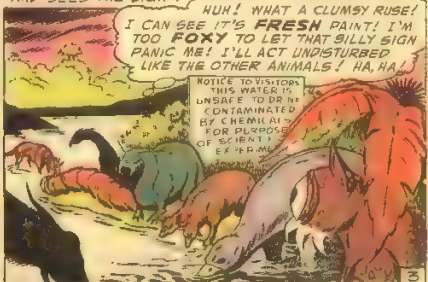


THIS SIGN MAY DO IT, AT THE WATERHOLE WHERE ALL CREATURES COME TO DRINK! UNABLE TO READ, ANIMALS WON'T BE ALARMED--BUT BANDIT "X" WILL!



NOTICE TO VISITORS
THIS WATER IS
UNSAFE TO DRINK
CONTAMINATED
BY CHEMICALS
FOR PURPOSE
OF SCIENTIFIC
EXPERIMENT

BUT THE TRICK FAILS, AS BANDIT "X" COMES TO DRINK AND SEES THE SIGN



HUH! WHAT A CLUMSY RUSE! I CAN SEE IT'S FRESH PAINT! I'M TOO FOXY TO LET THAT SILLY SIGN PANIC ME! I'LL ACT UNDISTURBED LIKE THE OTHER ANIMALS! HA, HA!

NOTICE TO VISITORS
THIS WATER IS
UNSAFE TO DRINK
CONTAMINATED
BY CHEMICALS
FOR PURPOSE
OF SCIENTIFIC
EXPERIMENT



ACTION COMICS



THAT DIDN'T WORK TOMMY! HE DIDN'T GIVE HIMSELF AWAY!

BUT MAYBE HE WILL IF WE YELL "FIRE". ONLY REAL FIRE WOULD MAKE ANIMALS RUN-- BUT BANDIT "X" MAYBE FOOLED IF HE HEARS US CRY OUT A FALSE ALARM!

"PRESENTLY.... FIRE! RUN BRENT! ALL THESE POOR ANIMALS WILL DIE IN THE BURNING WOODS-- BUT WE CAN REACH THE SAFETY OF OUR SHIP! FIRE!"

GOSH I DON'T THINK BANDIT "X" WILL FALL FOR THIS OBVIOUS TRICK EITHER!

HAS TOMMY COMPLETELY UNDERESTIMATED THE INTELLIGENCE OF HIS QUARRY?

FIRE!

FOOLS! THEY WON'T "SMOKE" ME OUT WITH THAT FALSE ALARM! SURE I CAN UNDERSTAND WORDS-- BUT I'M ALSO SMART ENOUGH TO NOTICE NO SMOKE OR FLAMES BEHIND THEM! HA, HA!

WE'LL ROLL THIS U-BOMB AWAY AND PRETEND IT'S FALLTY, READY TO EXPLODE! BANDIT "X" IS PROBABLY WATCHING OUR EVERY MOVE!

BUT HE WON'T BITE, AFTER THAT FALSE ALARM FOREST FIRE! YOU'RE REALLY SLIPPING TOMMY!

TOMMY IS SLIPPING, FOR IT ALL FOLLOWS AN OLD, OLD PATTERN TO BANDIT "X" ... PAH! THE OLD "CRY OF WOLF" OVER AND OVER! FAKE DANGERS LIKE THAT ONLY MAKE ME LAUGH! HA, HA.

RUN! WE GOT THAT BAD BOMB OUT JUST IN TIME! LET IT EXPLODE HERE, EVEN IF IT KILLS EVERY ANIMAL FOR MILES AROUND!

FINALLY, BRENT IS REALLY SHOCKED WHEN... I... GUESS IT'S HOPELESS TO TRAP BANDIT "X", BRENT! WE'LL REPORT BACK TO HQ!

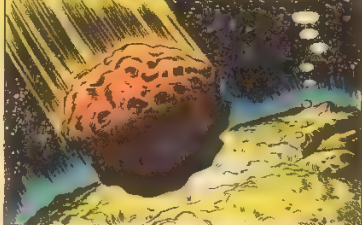
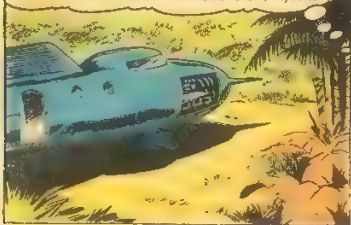
EMPTY-HANDED? GREAT STARS, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE UP LIKE THIS!

HAS BANDIT 'X' SUCCEEDED IN FOILING THE ACE PLANETEER?

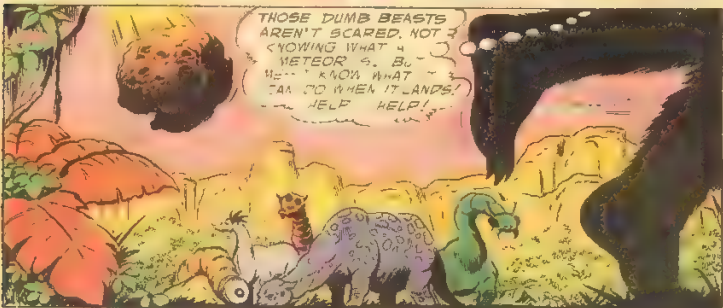
HA HA! HOURS PASSED AND HIS SHIP DIDN'T COME BACK! HE GAVE UP! HE DISABLED MY SPACESHIP OF COURSE, BUT I'LL SNEAK A RIDE AWAY IN SOME SHIP LATER, VISITING THE SPACE GAME PRESERVE! HA, HA!

BUT SUDDENLY...

GREAT JUPITER! A--A GIANT METEOR COMING STRAIGHT DOWN HERE! JUST WHEN I WAS SITTING PRETTY, SAFE FROM THE LAW, DANGER STRIKES AT ME FROM SPACE! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!



THOSE DUMB BEASTS AREN'T SCARED, NOT CROWING WHAT A METEOR'S. BUT WE-- KNOW WHAT CAN DO WHEN IT LANDS! HELP! HELP!

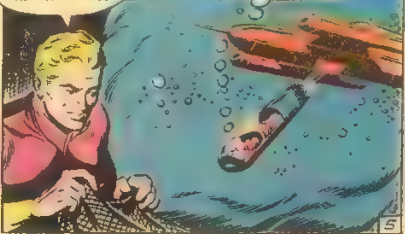
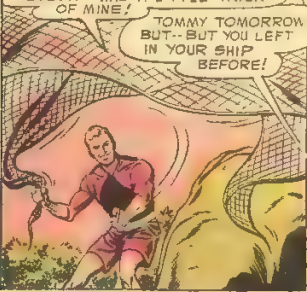


SURE, I'LL "HELP" YOU, BANDIT 'X'. INTO A NICE JAIL CELL! THAT "METEOR" WAS A LITTLE TRICK OF MINE!

TOMMY TOMORROW? BUT-- BUT YOU LEFT IN YOUR SHIP BEFORE!

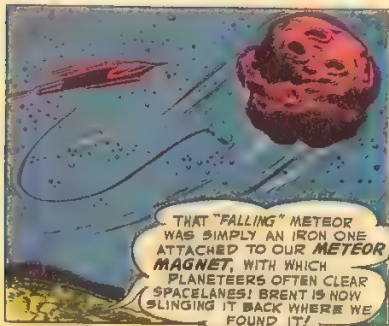
YES, BUT I RETURNED, SECRETLY, AFTER OUR SHIP HAD GONE OUT OF YOUR SIGHT. BRENT AND I ARRANGED FOR THE "METEOR".

NOW I'LL SLIP BACK IN THIS TINY ONE-MAN ROCKET TO NAB BANDIT 'X' WHEN MY "METEOR" TRICK FORCES HIM TO GIVE HIMSELF AWAY!



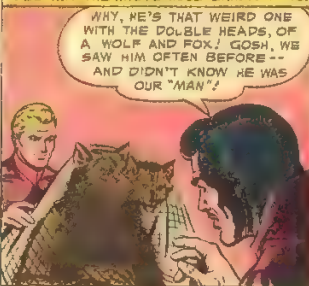


ACTION COMICS



THAT "FALLING" METEOR WAS SIMPLY AN IRON ONE ATTACHED TO OUR **METEOR MAGNET**, WITH WHICH PLANETEERS OFTEN CLEAR SPACELANES! BRENT IS NOW SLINGING IT BACK WHERE WE FOUND IT!

BRENT CAN HARDLY WAIT TO LAND AN... SEE WHO THE MYSTERIOUS BANDIT "X" IS.



WHY, HE'S THAT WEIRD ONE WITH THE DOUBLE HEADS, OF A WOLF AND FOX! GOSH, WE SAW HIM OFTEN BEFORE-- AND DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUR "MAN"!



I SEE IT NOW! TOMMY OUT-FOXED YOU! HE PURPOSELY PULLED THOSE OBVIOUS TRICKS, FIRST, TO MAKE YOU THINK HE WAS AN EASY OPPONENT. THEN WHEN HE PULLED THE "METEOR" TRICK, YOU BELIEVED IT A REAL DANGER!



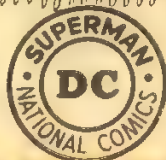
AFTER BANDIT X IS IMPRISONED...

FOR ONCE, TWO HEADS WERE NOT BETTER THAN ONE--NOT WHEN THAT ONE IS YOURS, TOMMY! YOU ALWAYS GET YOUR "MAN"--OR ANIMAL!

END

To the Boys and Girls of America--

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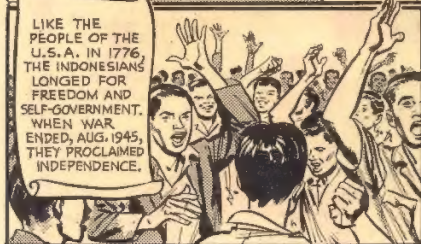
HOW A NATION IS BORN

Your United Nations at Work

80,000,000 PEOPLE LIVE ON THE ISLANDS THAT MAKE UP INDONESIA. THE LARGEST ISLANDS ARE SUMATRA, JAVA, BORNEO AND CELEBES. RULED BY PORTUGAL FOR 100 YEARS, THEN BY THE NETHERLANDS FOR 350 YEARS, INDONESIA WAS CONQUERED BY JAPAN IN WORLD WAR II.



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DR. SOEKARNO BECAME THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW NATION—THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA. IN SEPT. 1950, ON MOTION OF THE DUTCH, IT WAS UNANIMOUSLY ADMITTED AS UN'S 60TH MEMBER NATION.



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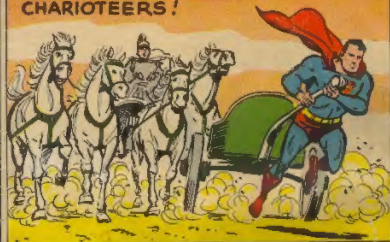


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ACTION COMICS

Featuring
THE AMAZING
STORY BEHIND
"THE SUPERMAN
SPECTACULARS!"

OUTRACING
CHARIOTEERS!



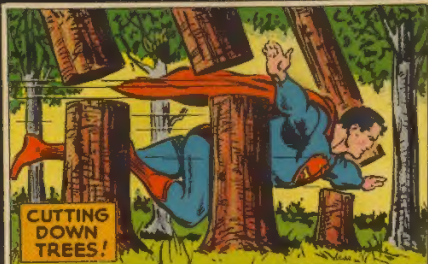
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This is the world's largest home study art school. It's a member of National Home Study Council, Washington, D.C. You may never have heard of Art Instruction, Inc.—but for 40 years this school has been quietly discovering beginner-artists and training them at home for profitable careers. Its graduates include many who make good money today.



AS SCHOLARSHIP WINNER
YOU GET: TWO YEARS OF
FREE TRAINING from professional
artists. We guide you—coach you—
individually. You follow step-by-step
instructions—submit drawings—get
back helpful corrections, encourage-
ment! You also receive ART TEXT-
BOOKS illustrated in color and
including work of over 40 leading
artists—plus a complete PROFES-
SIONAL DRAWING OUTFIT!



HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:
JUST DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD!

Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use
pencil only. All drawings must be received
by Nov. 30, 1955. None returned. Winner
notified. Only amateurs may enter this
contest. Our students not eligible. Mail
your drawing today!



USE THIS COUPON THEN
PASS THIS ANNOUNCEMENT ON
TO YOUR FRIENDS!

Art Instruction, Inc. STUDIO 10505-3

500 South 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____ APT. _____
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OCCUPATION _____ PHONE _____

Art Instruction, Inc. STUDIO 10505-2

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Art Instruction, Inc. STUDIO 10505-1

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COUNTY _____ STATE _____
OCCUPATION _____ PHONE _____